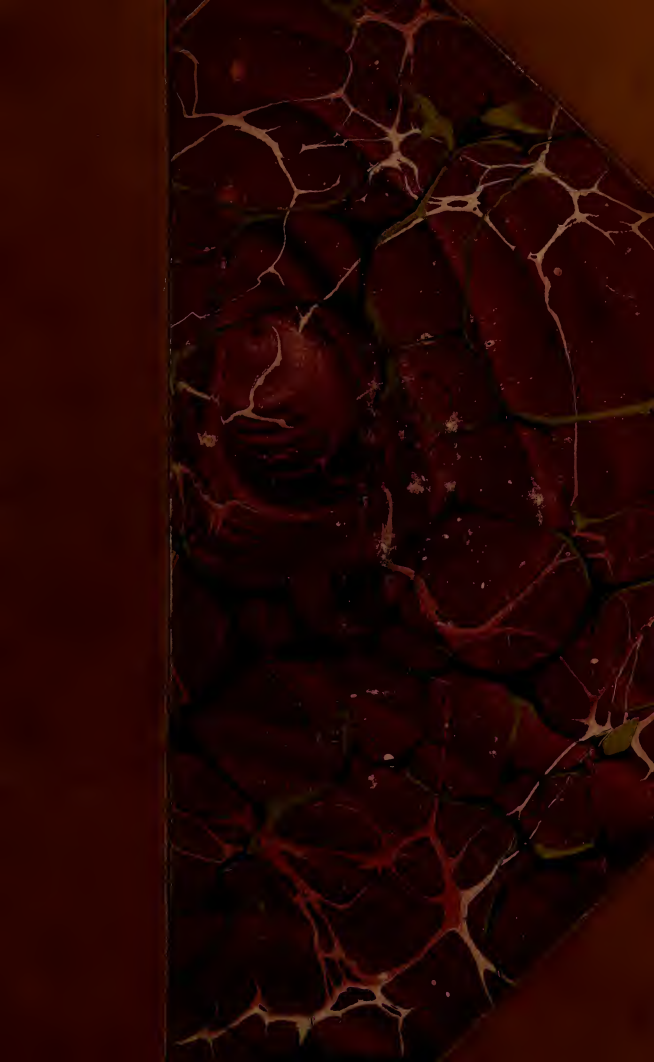




SIX Favourite Songs.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

THE DOCTORS.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

LADDIE, OH LEAVE ME.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

MERRY AND WISE.



GLASGOW :
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS

MERRY AND WISE.

Let who will complain of the troubles they meet,
They're matter of laughter to me ;
A dash of the bitter the sweet makes more sweet,
I therefore contented will be.

If Fortune looks kindly, I'll bask in her smiles,
If frowning—my comfort is still,
That life's but a span, and good humour beguiles
The time be it bad as it will.

My friend proves unfaithful, I'll seek out a new,
Nor trouble my head about that ;
I'll pity the changeling, I'll honour the true,
And cheerfully laugh and be fat.

What tho' I a coach and six horses can't have,
To which I've a very good right ;
A pair of good legs hath kind Providence gave,
And a heart that's both honest and light.

My frame's not unwieldy, 'tis active and sound ;
My appetite not very great ;
A scanty provision sufficient is found,
If cleanly and wholesome to eat.

Let epicures feast on their turtles for me,
 Their ortolans, pheasants, and sturgeon ;
 With Frenchify'd dishes, high sauces, and be
 A prey to the doctor and surgeon.

With all kinds of wine let them pamper their taste,
 Nor ought to their palates deny ;
 If they to their latter end wilfully haste,
 Themselves are to blame, and not I.

On dress, pomp, and grandeur, I fix not my mind,
 They're matters unworthy a care ;
 Beneath those fine trappings we often times find
 The pangs of remorse and despair.

Gay Pleasure's a phantom exceedingly fair,
 Which vainly we hope to embrace ;
 We grasp at a substance, she melts into air,
 And leaves not behind her a trace.

Then why should we make such a pother about
 What no one could never attain,
 Tho' the sweet illusion is tempting, no doubt,
 Till banish'd by old age and pain.

But soon we the idle pursuit of her charms,
 By dear-bought experience despise,
 Then blooming good humour still dwell in my arms,
 My motto be—MERRY AND WISE.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,
 Britannia mourn'd her hero now at rest,
 But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
 Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,
 We saw the Frenchmen lay,
 Each heart was bounding then;
 We scorned the foreign yoke—
 Our ships were British oak,
 Hearts of oak our men.
 Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
 Nor thought of home or beauty;
 Along the line this signal ran—
 England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty.

And now the cannons roar
 Along the affrighted shore—
 Our Nelson led the way;
 His ship the Vict'ry nam'd,
 Long be that Vict'ry fam'd,
 For vict'ry crown'd the day.
 But dearly was that conquest bought,
 Too well the gallant hero fought
 For England, home, and beauty;
 He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran—
 England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty.

At last the fatal wound,
 Which spread dismay around,
 The hero's breast received ;
 Heaven fights on our side,
 The day's our own, he cried,
 Now long enough I've lived.
 In honour's cause my life was past,
 In honour's cause I fall at last,
 For England, home, and beauty ;
 Thus ending life as he began,
 England confess'd that every man
 That day had done his duty.

THE DOCTORS.

Be honours which to kings we give,
 To doctors also paid ;
 We're the king's subjects while we live,
 The doctor's when we're dead.

Though when in health and thoughtless mood
 We treat them oft with scoffing,
 Yet they, returning ill with good,
 Relieve us from our coughing. (coffin)

At times they kill us, to be sure,
 In cases rather tickle ;
 But when they've killed, they still can cure
 Their patients—in a pickle.

And when at last we needs must die—
 The doctors cannot save—
 From death—they still most kindly try
 To snatch us from the grave.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destiny ;
 M'Pherson's time will not be long,
 On yonder gallows tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows tree.

Oh what is death but parting breath ?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword ;
 And there's no a man in a' Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,
 I die by treacherie ;
 It burns my heart I must depart
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky ;
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows tree.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
 But alas, she has left me her loss to deplore,
 My own little Kathleen, my poor lost Kathleen, my
 Kathleen, O.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
 Her colour still changing, her smile ever new,
 So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen, my
 Kathleen, O.

She milk'd the dun cow that ne'er offer'd to stir,
 Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her,
 So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 my Kathleen, O.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
 To hear the wind blow, and to look at the moon,
 So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen, my
 Kathleen, O.

Cold was the night-breeze that sigh'd round her
 bower,
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from the
 hour,
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen
 my Kathleen, O.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
 Is the Robin that in the churchyard builds his nest
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on Kathleen,
 leen, my Kathleen, O.

LADDIE, OH LEAVE ME.

Doun whare the burnie rins wimpling and cheery,
 When love's star was smiling, I met with my dearie
 Ah, vain was it smiling, she wadna believe me,
 But cried wi' a saucy air, laddie, oh leave me.
 I've lo'ed thee o'er truly to seek a new dearie,
 I've lo'ed thee o'er fondly thro' life ere to weary
 I've lo'ed thee o'er lang dear, at last to deceive thee,
 Look cauldly or kindly, but bid me not leave thee.

There's nae ither saft e'e that fills me wi' pleasure,
 There's nae ither rose lip has half o' its treasure,
 There's nae ither love-bower shall ever receive me,
 Till death break this fond heart—oh then man I leave
 thee.

The tears o'er her cheeks ran like dew from red roses
 What hope to the lover a tear-drop discloses—
 I kiss'd them, and blest her at last to receive me,
 Till, prest to my heart, she sigh'd, oh never leave me

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